

WHAT does good service mean? It means courteous attention to all customers. It means selling just what the purchaser wants. It means giving full weight and honest meat. It means selling at a fair figure. It means taking care of all the little things that count.

Milk's Market

F. H. Milks
Phone No. 2

Everything

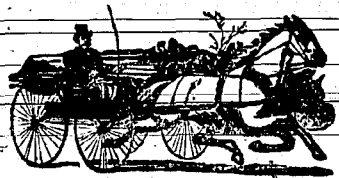
IN

Hardware

Yes, we mean exactly what we say—EVERYTHING—and you can't beat our quality and our very low prices anywhere in this part of this country. The proof is in the trying. Do it.

SALLING, HANSON CO.
Hardware Department

LIVERY & SALES STABLES



Prompt livery service ready at anytime.
Also heavy work.

Farms and Farm Lands and Village Property For Sale.

N. P. Olson, Grayling
Phone No. 384

If you want Bread with a distinctive flavor, be sure to call for

CASSIDY'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

For Sale at most stores or Phone 162

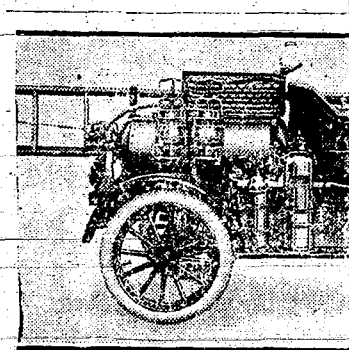
Model Bakery and Grocery

THE HOME OF PURITY AND QUALITY

GRAYLING VILLAGE HAS PURCHASED

DOUBLE TANK CHEMICAL CAR.
Modern Equipment for Fire Fighting.

At the council meeting last Monday night a resolution to purchase a chemical fire engine was passed and adopted and an order placed for the same. It is expected that the apparatus will arrive some time next week.



Pictured on this page is an American LaFrance Double Tank Chemical Equipment mounted on a Ford chassis, such as has been purchased by the village. This car has been especially designed for towns and villages, to provide them with the most up-to-date fire-fighting equipment at a price that

can be easily afforded by any municipality. The need of such an equipment has long been felt in the smaller communities. Heretofore only the larger cities have been able to enjoy the advantages of modern apparatus. Statistics show that nearly 75% of the fires in this country are put out with a chemical stream. This clearly shows that this fire car would, to a considerable extent, lessen the damage in small fires as it is well known that water is often as damaging as the fire itself.

This car has a very complete and excellent equipment, which is to be expected, as it is built by the oldest and largest manufacturers of fire apparatus in the world. In addition to the two 25 gallon chemical tanks with bypass system, it carries 150 feet of chemical hose with shut-off nozzle and two tips, a 16 foot extension ladder, one hand extinguisher of the approved fire department style, a 5 lb. axe, a crow bar, two fire department lanterns, an extra acid receptacle and holder, and a soda canister, all of which are strongly mounted on the car in readily accessible places. A complete set of tools, electric lights and a rotary gong are also included.

Except for the brass parts, which are polished, the entire car is painted in English vermilion, striped, the standard fire department color, which gives it a fine appearance that any city would be proud of. Such apparatus would provide motor service at a cost that would be exceedingly small for the additional protection provided. It means that fires would be reached much quicker than is possible by hand or horse drawn apparatus, thus preventing, by quick action, many small blazes from becoming serious fires. Outlying districts could be speedily reached so that property situated at a distance from the fire station would receive practically the same protection as that near at hand. Then, too, the surrounding country would secure the benefit of such a piece of apparatus. Property 3 to 5 miles away could be protected which would be impossible without motor driven apparatus.

Another point in favor of this car is that it can be driven by a large number of people. Practically anybody can drive a Ford. Then in case of accident or breakage, repair parts can easily be secured, necessitating no delays. In fact, in all respects this American-LaFrance double tank chemical equipment mounted on Ford chassis comprises a complete high grade piece of motor apparatus that can be very economically and easily maintained and operated.

Just the Thing for Diarrhoea.

"About two years ago I had a severe attack of diarrhoea which lasted over a week," writes W. C. Jones, Buford, N. D. "I became so weak that I could not stand upright. A druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The first dose relieved me and within two days I was well as ever." Many druggists recommend this remedy because they know that it is reliable. Obtainable everywhere.

Liver Trouble.

"I am bothered with liver trouble about twice a year," writes Joe Dingman, Webster City, Iowa. "I have pains in my side and back and an awful soreness in my stomach. I heard of Chamberlain's Tablets and tried them. By the time I had used half a bottle of them I was feeling fine and had no signs of pain." Obtainable everywhere.

Presbyterian Church Notes.
Preaching service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m.
No evening service until September. Rev. J. C. Elliott, Acting Pastor.

"Currie for Congress"

The Saloon, a Menace to Society.
The shots expressed by the words, the President says, in the "wet" advertisement in the Avalanche of a. g. 3 is misleading, blind, characteristic of the "wet" argument.

What President says? Surely not President Wilson. No, the President of a band of saloon men and brewers says: I am against statewide prohibition. Does your neighbor rule your home? Your home is ruled within itself.

W. J. Bryan says: "The saloon and its product are similar to a person scattering itch in a community and then fining the persons infected, because they scratch. We are our brother's keeper and we have more right in any way to scatter the seeds of drunkenness than we have the terms of a communicable disease."

No civilization at any time will rise

NELSON SHARPE
CIRCUIT JUDGE

ENDORSES MELVIN A. BATES FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Will Make Capable and Efficient Member of State Legislature.

In an unsolicited letter to Melvin A. Bates, Circuit Judge Nelson Sharpe highly endorses the former for the office of Representative Presque Isle district.

"Perhaps no person in Michigan is more appreciated by the people who know him than is Judge Sharpe, and such an endorsement as the Judge has so voluntarily offered of Mr. Bates will carry much weight with those who are interested in good and efficient government."

JUDGE SHARPE SAYS:

Aug. 7, 1916.
Mr. M. A. Bates,
Grayling, Michigan.

Dear Mr. Bates:
While I do not live in your Representative district, I want you to know that I feel a keen interest in your primary campaign. This is not only due to my personal friendship for you but is owing to my appreciation of the fact that you will make a capable and efficient member of the State Legislature.

The continually increasing tax levy of Michigan must surely begin to cause anxiety to property owners and it is time that we begin to send men to the legislature who appreciate this fact and who have had sufficient experience with state and county affairs to assist in making reductions in and cutting out useless appropriations.

From an intimate acquaintance with you for more than twenty-five years, I feel confident that you will exert your influence to this end and I also know that you will also at all times be found on the right side of every question affecting the interests of your people and of the state at large.

With best wishes for your success and regret that I cannot aid you in a personal way, believe me,
Sincerely yours,
NELSON SHARPE.

Mr. Bates is a man of mature judgment, has had a broad experience in civic affairs and, just as Judge Sharpe states, may always be found on the right side of every question affecting the interests of his people and of the state at large.

The people of Presque Isle district have had an opportunity of knowing Mr. Bates' attitude on some of the important questions affecting state legislation. You know where he stands. Can as much be said for other legislative candidates? Mr. Bates stands ready to publicly answer any questions asked of him. He is willing to go on record for any principles he may support.



Eldorado Nuggets.

Mrs. Leon Searsaw of Roscommon spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Diffell.

Miss Gertrude Hartman returned to Detroit Monday, after a two-week stay at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hartman.

Miss Lizzie Kranz of Alba was a week-end visitor at the Elmer Head home.

James Williams and daughter, Sarah spent Sunday at home. Mr. Williams reports fine progress with the road of which he is overseeing the building.

The George Hartman family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Oren Royce at Luzerne.

George Russell has gone to Traverse City for a month's stay.

Wm. H. Baker died at Owosso Aug. 8th. He has been quite a well known resident in these parts for years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lamm visited at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Conrad Welnes, Sunday.

The Best Laxative.

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables, also establish a regular habit and be sure that your bowels move once each day. When a medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

Read the want ads in the Avalanche.
"Currie for Congress"

Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing

We Think You will Profit by Becoming a Patron of This Store

It is not our policy to boast or to make extravagant statements that we cannot back up. But we do make it our business to sell goods just as cheap or cheaper than any other firm from whom you can buy. And in addition to this the Quality of our Goods is Always High. That is where your profit as a patron comes in.

Our stock of Summer Dry Goods is strong. In our Men's Department we have the comfortable Hot Weather Wearables.

EMIL KRAUS

Grayling's Leading Dry Goods Store

WAYNE POLITICS
GETTING WARM

Leland and Sleeper Are Tearing Things High and Wide in State Metropolis.

Detroit, Mich., August 12.—That Albert E. Sleeper of Bad Axe, candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, will poll fifty per cent of the vote cast in Wayne county in the gubernatorial primary, is the prediction made by many of the local students of politics who are familiar with conditions and who carefully canvassed the situation.

Edna, carefully tabulated reports gathered from every county in Michigan Sleeper's friends predict that he will come to Wayne county with an upstate plurality of at least 35,000.

"Not since the historic primary campaign of 1910 when Chase S. Osborne was nominated over all candidates by a plurality of 30,000, has there been such a decided sentiment in favor of a gubernatorial candidate as has shown in favor of Albert E. Sleeper," said one of the most prominent Republicans in the state while discussing the situation today.

"Bert Sleeper combines a pleasing personality with genuine business ability. He made good as state senator. He was nominated and elected state treasurer at a time when the state's finances were in terrible shape. He installed up-to-date business methods in the treasury department and was able to tell at the end of every day the amount of money in each of the various funds."

"Mr. Sleeper will be nominated August 29th. There is absolutely no question about that, and he will be elected in November. He has been associated with state affairs and state institutions to such an extent he knows thoroughly the needs of the state and will be a Governor of whom the state justly feel proud."—Political ad.

Card of Thanks.

Companion Court No. 652 desire to thank Rev. Mitchell, also the choir for their services rendered at the funeral service of Mrs. Jeffrey McMahon. Mrs. JAMES MCNEVEN, Mrs. O. CORWIN, Mrs. JAMES MCNEVEN, Committee.



DUNCAN MCRAE.

Here! Here!

The twenty-eighth Senatorial district would be represented by Duncan McRae of Greenbush, Alcona Co., J. M. Perry of Osceola Co., and Senator L. L. Kelley of Clare. The Greenbush man, however, is the only one who is making a campaign in the eastern part of the district, and he is putting up a vigorous one. If McRae is all that his home county paper says he is, and his friends say the newspapers have him sized up right, we could wish we had a few hundred votes to put into the ballot box for him and clinch his nomination. Under the circumstances, tho, all we can do is to sit by and wish him luck, which we do most heartily. —Osceola Gazette.

The writer of the above is a lady. That's why she isn't allowed to vote yet. However, that is a condition that will be righted some day, and there are a lot of people in Alcona county who would be willing to let her cast all the votes she cares to for Senator on August 29th. adv.

Cure for Cholera Morbus.

"When our little boy, now seven years old, was a baby he was cured of cholera morbus by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Mrs. Sidney Simmons, Fair Haven, N. Y. "Since then other members of my family have used this valuable medicine for colic and bowel troubles with good satisfaction and I gladly endorse it as a remedy of exceptional merit." Obtainable everywhere.

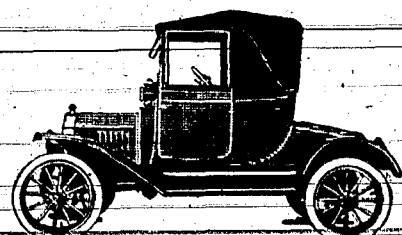
Subscribe for the Avalanche.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

New Prices Aug. 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916.
Chassis \$325 Coupelet \$505
Runabout 345 Town Car 595
Touring Car 360 Sedan 645.

f. o. b. Detroit
These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.
George Burke, Frederic, Mich.
Agent for Crawford and Northern Roscommon Counties



Historic Crimes and Mysteries

Walt Mason

LAUGHING LACENAIRE

On December 14, 1834, a gentleman of distinguished appearance walked briskly along a quiet street near the Chappelle barrier, in Paris.

This pedestrian, who looked distinguished even under the handicap of threadbare garments, was about thirty-five years old. He was rather small of stature, but carried himself proudly. His face was refined and intellectual—the face of a poet and a dreamer. Indeed, at that hour all Paris was whispering and singing one of his songs, "The Life and the Dream." He had the hands and hair of an artist, and the joyous carefree laugh of a boy. It was a good thing to hear Lacenaire laugh.

Behind Lacenaire there walked a man of vulgar appearance. His name was Avril. He was quite young, not more than twenty-two, and he had been so unfortunate as a criminal that Lacenaire was sorry for him, and he determined to give him a chance to do better work.

Presently they stopped before a dwelling of prosperous appearance. "This is the place," said Lacenaire. "Do you remember my instructions, quite clearly? Yes? Then attend vite!"

The poet rang the doorbell, and the door was opened by a young man.

"Ah, my dear Chardon," cried Lacenaire, "we have come to see your moth-



"He Threw His Arm Around Chardon's Neck and Garrotted Him."

er on a trifle of business—the mere signing of a paper."

"We are greatly honored, M. Lacenaire," replied Chardon. "Mother, as you know, is an invalid, and is in her bed, but she can do what you ask."

They stood face to face, Chardon and Lacenaire, and the latter gossiped gaily of one thing and another, while Avril stood quietly behind Chardon, and, having stationed himself properly, at a wink from the poet he threw his arm around Chardon's neck and garrotted him.

Lacenaire drew a dagger, then, and striking the victim several times, made the job complete, then he went to the room of the invalid mother and slew her with the weapon that killed the son.

"There should be 10,000 francs here somewhere, according to my information," said Lacenaire. "Look the door, my friend, and we'll search till we find the money."

Avril locked the door, and they searched and searched, but all they found was 500 francs. Lacenaire, whose sense of humor was abnormally developed, laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. It was this insensibility, displayed on many tragic and harrowing occasions, that made him one of the most famous criminals of modern times.

"Is the joke on us or on the Chardons?" he asked, as he wiped the joyous tears from his face. He wanted to get away. These dead people were getting on his nerves. So they left the house, and went to an inn, where, over sundry bottles of cheap wine, Lacenaire planned a larger and better crime.

He rented an office and painted an assumed name on the door, thus creating the impression that he was a business man. Then, by laying his plans carefully, he arranged that a bank messenger should call upon him in his office on a certain day, the chosen day being one on which collections were sure to be large. It took a great deal of skillful maneuvering to bring this about, but the details are not essential to this story.

Everything being in readiness, Avril was so foolish as to be arrested, while trying to rescue a lady friend from the police. So, at the eleventh hour, Lacenaire had to go forth and seek another assistant. Reliable help of that kind is hard to find when most needed, but after much trouble the poet accepted as his partner a gentleman named Francois, to whom homicide was a new thing. It was said of him, in his own haunts, that he would kill a man for a sou, which was cheap enough, to be sure. Francois, however, should have

known better than to eat oranges before committing a crime. Or, if he couldn't get along without oranges, he should have realized that it was bad to drop the peel on the floor of a business man's office.

At the appointed hour the bank messenger arrived at the office with his little bag fairly bulging with money, and securities. Lacenaire, the smiling, the fascinating, asked him to seat himself at the table and examine certain papers. The messenger did so, and while the poet engaged him in conversation, and held his whole attention, Francois came up, behind, dagger in hand, to stab him to the heart. Francois, who had studied murder under the old masters, knew how to reach the heart from any angle or position. This looked like an easy and sure job! But, maledictions on the orange peel! His foot slipped just as he delivered the blow. The messenger was stabbed, but not mortally, or even seriously. With a yell of terror he leaped for the door and reached it first, and ran down the stairs yelling murder. Francois followed close at the messenger's heels, also yelling murder, thus diverting suspicion until he reached the street and was lost in the crowd.

He felt that Paris was no place for him just then, so he departed for the provinces, where, for a long time he lived opulently. He wrote much poetry at this time, and it was good poetry, which sold readily; but he was too wise to depend upon the muse for a living, so, when not embellishing things in song he devoted his genius to forgery, and with great success. When he returned to Paris he was attired in purple and fine linen, and was a credit to the boulevards.

Meanwhile Francois had been arrested on some trifling charge, and Avril still was in jail. The crimes in which they had been concerned were complete mysteries to the police, and it seemed that they would always remain so, when Francois dropped a few words, which made the police suspicious, and they drew from him the story of the attack upon the bank messenger. Avril's conscience became active about the same time, and he told of the Chardon murders. So it came to pass that the poet was arrested, and when he learned that the discovery was due to his accomplices, he made full confession. His only object, he said, being to take the traitors to the guillotine with him.

The trial was a famous one. The most celebrated people of France crowded to the courtroom to see the

Greatest Love Story in World

By Rev. Wm. Wallace Ketchum
Director of the Practical Work Course,
Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.—John 3:16

What would you think if God should write across the sky in flaming letters of fire the statement of his love for the world?

Well, you believe it? Would he have written it there, but he has written it large in the Bible which is the story of his love. Of course the Bible tells us other things; but above all, it tells us this, and nowhere better than in John 3:16.

There we read the statement of his love, "for God so loved the world." Note the sweep of the word world; not in this place, does it mean the universe; but mankind, and by it all are included. Nowhere is there such a love as this, a love which loves the unlovable. We love those who love that in them which draws out love. God, on the other hand, "commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Note the intensity of the statement of his love, "so loved the world." It's a little word, but what a emphatic one. It is a word of degree, expressing the measure of his love of the world. The word "passionately" does not express the measure of his love; "passionately" expresses the fire that burns in love, and to you and to me, who are unworthy of God's love, it has a wealth of meaning. How the statement should warm our hearts! Who is there who will not respond in love to him who first loved us?

Love's Sacrifice.

But more to us than this statement, is the expression of God's love, "that he gave his only begotten son." Love is not measured by words; but by deeds. It is not what one says, but what one does that proves his love. Calvary is the great expression of the love of God for the world. There God gave in Christ, reconciling the world to himself; that God made his heart for a lost world. What matchless love! Angels and cherubim stand before it amazed, while a world wrecked by sin is solidly indifferent. What a message Calvary voices! No condemnation, save for him who deserves it; not a rebuking of a sinful world; just the expression of God's love in an act of grace which cared for the sin of the world.

Love's Purpose.

We have here as well the purpose of God's love, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." The statement and the expression of God's love find their consummation in the purpose, the salvation of the lost. But the salvation of the lost is not universal, as we shall see, for it is "whosoever believeth shall not perish but have everlasting life." That word, "whosoever," makes the matter personal. It tells us that God, having done his part, now leaves it to us to do ours. He does not coerce or force us; he says, "Believe, and ye shall live." While the word "whosoever" individualizes salvation, it makes it wide open door for all. For who is shut out, since "whosoever" will may come? It is a matter, then, of our own choice. We may or may not believe as we please, and accordingly we shall be saved or lost.

Love's Purpose Realized.

How easily the purpose of God is realized, so far as man is concerned, if only we choose to come. No difficult task is put before us, no impossible requirement, simply believing in Christ. And this means more than having an historical faith or a general religious belief; it means committing one's life to him; trusting him and him only to save. So easy, yet so hard for some to do, because it is the surrendering of one's self absolutely to Christ that he may save. "I know," says the apostle, "whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." This anyone can say who really trusts Christ to save, for "he shall not perish but have everlasting life."

Why not, as you read this, trust Christ to save you? It is so easy to rely upon him. An old lady sat in a railroad train bound for Bay City, Michigan. She had not traveled much and was afraid she was not on the right train. Nervously she asked and spoke to the woman in front of her: "Is this the train for Bay City, Michigan?" "Yes, madam," the woman replied. But the old lady was not satisfied. Perhaps the woman was mistaken. "Women sometimes are mistaken," a man was reading his paper across the aisle. "Pardon me," she said, addressing the gentleman. "Is this the train for Bay City, Michigan?" "Yes, madam," he replied without looking up. She returned to her seat still not certain, for men sometimes are mistaken. Just then, down the aisle came the conductor of the train. "He will know," the old lady said to herself, "I'll ask him." "Pardon me, sir, is this the train for Bay City, Michigan?" "Yes, madam," the conductor replied, as he passed. She heaved a sigh of relief, as she sank back into her seat, and putting her face against the window-pane fell fast asleep. What had she done? Taken the conductor at his word. He was a man with authority and she trusted him. Christ speaks to you, my friend; he is one with authority and knows whereof he speaks. Why not, just as the old lady trusted the conductor, sweetly trust him and have life and peace?

Boxes From Waste Newspapers.

Waste newspapers are used almost exclusively in the manufacture of the cardboard or pasteboard which goes to form the pasteboard box in which dressmakers, shoemakers and department stores generally deliver dresses, suits, shoes, etc., and one of the largest factories in the United States for the manufacture of this kind of cardboard is located just outside of Philadelphia on the Schuylkill river at Manayunk.

Cheese for the Multitude.

Wisconsin sends out a trainload of cheese every day of the year.

In Woman's Realm

Taffeta Suit, Easily One of the Best of the Season's Productions, Is the One Displayed—Outfit That Will Deserve the Attention of the College Girl.

By daring to be perfectly plain, but otherwise not going contrary, to prevailing fashions, the taffeta suit shown may make claim to noteworthy originality. It is a between-seasons affair, which will prove a safe investment for the young woman who must make an early selection. It is a happy choice for the miss who is still in school, and whose youthfulness needs no turban.

So severe a model is a rarity in silk and this one is too plain to need description. The fulness of the skirt is shifted into a short yoke at the sides

shown in the picture. Most of these are of velvet over rather pliable shapes, but a bat of satin, butter's plush or other fabric lends variety to the showings.

Wide-brimmed hats, big brims and hats with irregular billings appear along with smaller shapes. The illustration shows a turban of satin, trimmed with an acorn and leaves made of velvet applied against the front brim and crown. At the center of the group, a mushroom, covered with black velvet is brightened by a wide border of colored velvet and a wreath of small



SILK SUIT AT ITS BEST.

and back, and it fastens, at the left front. The body of the coat could not be cut on simpler lines, and it hangs straight from the shoulder. It is edged to the pelum under a soft crushed belt of the taffeta, fastening at the front with a prim bow and buckle. Round velvet-covered buttons and small silk cord loops take care of the front fastening.

The sleeves are long and flare a little at the hand, where they are slashed to rounded points. A soft collar of pique is worn inside the rolling collar of silk.

As to the silk suit for street or other wear, it is one of the most satisfactory possessions. Women who know how to use it for decorative needlework can buy plain suits and embellish them with embroidered pieces that place them in the class of exclusive designs. By the addition of other trimmings and fashion features the plain suit may be converted into an expression of individual taste, as the season grows older.

Before the cool breezes of the September have begun to sigh with the passing of summer, the college girl must

metallized blossoms set in velvet leaves. There is a hat of black satin, with a ribbon about the top crown finished with a little bow at the back.

An all-black velvet hat, at the front, is one of the simplest of tailored patterns. It has a collar of greenish ribbon, and a fan of velvet, finished with little ruffles of ribbon, is perched on the upturned brim.

Substantial Lettering.

Has it occurred to you what attractive letters substantial tapes or braids of almost any kind will make on household linens? This is really as easy a way of marking as any. It is necessary, of course, first to mark off your letters; a script is usually best for handwork, and the marking can be done with a stout card upon which the letter has been drawn and the outline perforated with pins. This card will last for many stampings with a soft lead pencil through the perforations.

Cotton soubrette, very like rickrack, can be worked into these letters. The heavier braids, of course, should be reserved for Turkish towels and heavier linen.

If using a braid which has a decided edge, like rickrack, turn the braid in following the loops, so that the edge points outward from the letter always.



OUTFIT FOR THE COLLEGE GIRL.

betthink her of her outfitting for school. Her street suit and blouses for daily wear and a tailored hat for fall must be selected in advance of the real opening of the new season. But the creators of style have already launched the things that she will need, and in millinery especially there is an abundance of felt and velvet hats made for her exclusive benefit.

Plain, bright-colored felts and velvets, trimmed with bands of ribbon or simple ornaments, or with flat decorations of embroidery are some of their welcome already. They are nearly all brimmed hats with comfortable crowns, and many of them are made in two-toned designs, that is, the under brim is in a contrasting color. Besides the pressed hats there are the "mude" or tailored hats like those

served for Turkish towels and heavier linen.

Made of heavy blue cotton crepe with a shallow collar and snug protective wristbands is the smock of the moment. It reaches the skirt hem and as far as looks is concerned there is no need of a skirt beneath. It may serve as an overall and keep a dainty dress from garden stains and kitchen grime, for the bottom of the hem is sewn together, leaving slits for the feet to go through, producing thus a sort of bloomers.

In Laundering Lace.

Lace collars and cuffs should be carefully basted on a strip of flannel, then placed in a suds of lukewarm water and soap and allowed to soak for an hour. They may then be washed between the hands, rinsed carefully and put in the sun to dry.

When almost dry remove the pieces from the flannel and pick out the edges; next lay on the ironing board, covering with a piece of thin, dry flannel, and press with a hot iron until dry. Then lay the lace on a tray in

the sun for 20 minutes. This will restore the color and natural firmness. Black lace may be washed clean, then dipped into a little carefully made and stirred coffee, which will restore its color and stiffness, but the lace must be well aired after so doing.—New York Tribune.

Chiffon Kerchiefs.

Chiffon handkerchiefs, in delicate colors to match the gown, belt, hat or bag are round with frills of net or real lace.

SIMPLE AND PRETTY

DESIGN FOR WAIST THAT WILL BE FOUND EASY TO MAKE.

If Elaboration is Desired, All-Over Embroidery for the Cape Collar and Cuffs May Be Utilized—Suitable Fabrics to Be Used.

A woman of the writer's acquaintance says that for a certain period at this season of the year, it is her daily habit to cut out and make a shirt waist before breakfast. This she continues to do until she has about two dozen waists of the simpler sort. On the finer waists she applies designs of embroidery, or lets in a bit of lace to enrich the upper part of the garment.

Some women may not believe that a waist can be made before breakfast, but let the doubter study the accompanying design and she will probably realize how quickly it may be cut out and stitched up. The first waist will require a fitting, of course, but the others will not—and the fitting necessary for this design is practically confined to the arrangement of the collar over the back. As will be noted, it does not fit in front.

To make an elaborate waist quickly, one can use all-over embroidery for the cape collar and for the cuffs. For trimming on the edge a frill of narrow embroidery may be used, or one of plain material with a scalloped edge.

When the waist is constructed of sheer material, plain net will make a charming frill for the collar and sleeves. In any event, an edge that displays a lace effect or the finish of embroidery is always more decorative than any other.

Besides the usual silk materials with which every woman is familiar beautiful fabrics are to be found among linens and cottons. One of these, a sheer cross-hatched cotton, makes a lovely blouse, and the same quality of goods appears also with embroidered figures over the surface. For sports



Pretty Waist.

waists there are a number of fine ginghams in contrasting stripes of soft colors. These ginghams are affected by fashionable tailors. A still less expensive material is cotton crepe, which comes in every color and in both plain and fancy styles.—Washington Star.

Shades of 1830.

A quaint dress of brown satin attracted much notice on Fifth avenue the other day. The skirt was ruffled to the hips with a semi bias frills two inches wide. The front was slit to the waist and rimmed back with a white organdy petticoat, trimmed with innumerable rows of ruffled black moire ribbon. The waist was short and tight fitting and fastened in the front by two frogs of gold braid.

Bands of Colored Glass Beads.

Bands of colored glass beads form the shoulder straps of many dainty evening frocks. One of pink tulle and taffeta and silver lace shows wide bands formed of strands of pink glass beads.

Child's Frock.

Natural-colored pongee—trimmed with brown wash silk—is an excellent combination for a child's frock.

Rat bounties have cost Lewance county \$18,935 in the year during which the law paying bounties on dead rats has been in effect. The total number of bounty rats was 32,187. The busiest month for rat bounties was April.

Residents of the little lumber town of Culver have their goats packed ready to flee should forest fires, which are raging from Durand, attack their homes.

What Is Yours?

Never wish for more than you could ever use, for only what you use is really yours.

GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY

She Kept Her Locks Dark and Glossy, with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound and look years younger. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and not a medicine. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take Salts for Backache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in most excites the kidneys, they become overworked, get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog, you must help them flush out the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad. Eat less meat, drink lots of water, also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with other salts, and is recommended for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delicious after-dinner little water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, nausea, backache, instead of looking and feeling as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poison and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of Epsom's phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleaning, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of lime phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleanses out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of Epsom's phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.

TO THE Discriminating PUBLIC

Hotel Griswold
DETROIT

Cor. Grand River and Griswold Sts.

Welcomes you to its newly decorated rooms, new lobby, new Silver Room, new appointments throughout and

NEW RATES

Rooms formerly	\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00
Now	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50

Absolutely the most homelike hotel in Detroit. Best noonday lunch in the city 60c. Excellent cooking. Perfect Service, Reasonable Rates. Cabaret entertainment, Dancing.

In the heart of the shopping district.

Sincerely
Fred Postal

Crawford Avalanche

S. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 One Year.....\$1.50
 Six Months......75
 Three Months......40
 Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, AUG. 17

Local News

Try a package of Dr. Navaun's Kidney tablets. For sale at the A. M. Lewis drug store.

Mrs. John McClellan and children of Bay City are visiting her sister, Mrs. Daniel Hoesli and family for a few weeks.

Frank Mack and wife, who recently moved here from Gaylord, are now occupying the J. W. Overton house on McClellan street.

Miss Metha Hatch of Hillsdale, spent last week here, resorting at the Dan-lah landing. She returned to Hillsdale, Tuesday night.

Mrs. Perkins of Bay City visited Dr. Perkins here over last Sunday. Dr. Perkins is with the Ambulance Corps at Camp Ferris.

Ted Haskill, mail orderly of the 33rd Infantry at Camp Ferris, returned this morning from a few days visit at his home near Detroit.

Marshall Holliday has been spending the past couple of weeks visiting friends and relatives in Gaylord and Flint, visiting Russel Manney at the latter city.

Miles M. Callahan of Reed City, candidate for State Senator in this district, was in the city Monday and Tuesday hustling for votes. While here he called on a great many persons and before leaving left a number of hustlers to work during the remainder of the campaign for his interests.

Sheriff Wm. H. Cody, Alfred Olson, C. M. Hewitt, David Monroir, L. M. Edwards and Al. Gramer, left at 10 o'clock Sunday morning by boat for the mouth of the South Branch river, where they will spend the week camping and fishing. Ambrose McClain and John Larson drove down Monday joining the party. They expect to land a few "Big" rainbows before they return.

Blmer L. Batterson, who has been the very efficient and accommodating agent at the M. C. R. K. depot here for over three years past, has resigned his position with the railroad and accepted a more lucrative position with the Kneeland-Brown Co. as book-keeper in their offices at Bigelow.

Lewiston Journal. Mr. Batterson is the son of Judge Batterson and formerly resided here before moving to Lewiston.

Niels Jensen of Tyler, Minnesota, is visiting his niece, Mrs. Chris Hanson.

Mrs. Paul Hendrie spent the fore part of the week in Bay City on business.

Mrs. Birchard of Grand Rapids, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Lamb this week.

Earl Kidd is a new assistant at the Royal Cafe, commencing his duties last Monday morning.

Lorraine Sparks arrived this morning from Galeburg, Illinois, to visit his mother, Mrs. Thelie Sparks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anstett, are entertaining the former's sister, Miss Olive Anstett of Detroit. She arrived Monday.

Roderick Catheron of Houghton has been a guest for the past week of his sister, Mrs. Charles O. McCullough and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wheeler are entertaining the former's sister, Mrs. Grover Ball of Spencer, Mich., who arrived Saturday.

Mrs. Daniel McGinley of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mrs. Daniel Ackerman of Canton, Ohio, arrived Tuesday, and are visiting their brother, Thomas Reagan and family.

Miss Myrtle Reagan is spending a part of the week here, the guest of friends, enroute from Bay View where she has been spending several weeks, to her home in Crosswell.

B. F. Sherman, while hunting his cows in the chopings near James Knibbs camp in Maple Forest, August 8th, lost a gold watch and chain that his sister gave him, which had belonged to her husband, who died last fall. After getting the cows he started for home and wanted to see what time it was and was surprised not to find the watch. He retraced his tracks but did not find the watch. He with three others looked all the next day, but failed to find it.

Anthony Trudeau of Boyne City, arrived in the city Saturday to take possession of the DeWaele & Son grocery as proprietor. That night, assisted by Charles DeWaele, an inventory was taken of the stock and turned over to the new proprietor. Mr. Trudeau seems an enterprising and hustling merchant and no doubt with such hustling ability will continue the excellent business that this store has maintained in the past. He lost no time in getting acquainted with the local merchants and already has assumed the Grayling spirit of hustling. He claims that he will run an up-to-date store and that everything will be delivered in a clean and sanitary condition and that he will carry such stock as a first-class store should carry. That he is a hustler is certain, for he is ready to have voluntarily made application for membership in the Grayling Board of trade. He will be assisted in the store by two sons, the family will move into the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. DeWaele. The Avalanche speaks the wish of the public, we believe, in welcoming Mr. Trudeau and family to our city.

Shirley Dyer of Detroit is spending the week here visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Nellie Shanahan is spending a couple of days at Arbutus beach on Ojibwa lake.

Miss Flavia Robertson of Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Robertson.

At the regular meeting of Masonic lodge Thursday night of last week, John J. Niederer, county clerk, was regularly initiated into the third degree. The occasion called out a large attendance among whom were a large delegation of guards from Camp Ferris. The master of the lodge, Frank B. Freeland, in courtesy to the visiting guests, invited Lieutenant McAfee of Ambulance company No. 1, to preside as master and to fill the other stations from among the visitors. Capt. Major and Lieut. John J. Buck, also both of Ambulance Co. No. 1 acted as senior and junior wardens respectively. Capt. Robt. Baskerville, of the same company, acted as senior deacon. The stewards were Corp. Warren Rutledge of the Signal Corps and Sergt. Roy Berworth of Troop B. It was a most excellent meeting and the initiatory work and lectures most admirably performed. After the lodge closed, those present retired to the banquet rooms and enjoyed luncheon and smoker, and listened to several enjoyable talks. During the latter period, on behalf of the visiting guards, Capt. Baskerville most beautifully presented Mr. Niederer with a Masonic pin. It was a nice compliment and one that was most gratefully received, except that it was for once completely stumped, words utterly failing him. It was a meeting that will long be remembered.

Jay Lobnes Died at Home of Daughter.

Mr. Jay Lobnes, father of Mrs. Frank Woods of Peninsular avenue, died at the home of his daughter at about 2:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, from paralysis.

Mr. Lobnes came here for a visit about two weeks ago and had been feeling in good health up to the day before. His home was in Bay City, where his remains were taken for burial this morning.

Funeral services were held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Woods, early yesterday morning. Rev. Mitchell officiating.

Mr. Lobnes had followed the occupation of contracting and the moving of buildings. Many large moving jobs had been handled by Mr. Lobnes, among them being the Forest City house in Washington Ave. He was an expert in this line, and his services were in great demand.

He leaves three daughters, Mrs. Woods, wife of Frank Woods, employed at the Salling, Hanson company; Mrs. Fred C. Latten, Wittenmore, Mich.; and Mrs. James B. Fitzgerald, Bay City. Besides seven grand children. He was 77 years of age.

Lovells.

Margaret Husted of West Branch spent a few days visiting her sisters, Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Stihlwagon.

Mrs. McLaughlin and children of Lovell and Mrs. Griswold and children of Bay City, returned home last week after a pleasant visit with relatives in Lovells.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler of Lansing are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Caid. Mrs. Butler was formerly Miss Virgil Caid.

Mrs. Bell Tom returned to Bay City Tuesday, after enjoying a visit with her brother, Ben Bottell and family.

George Leykauf is at his cabin, arriving Saturday from Detroit.

A goodly number of guests are registered at both the North Branch Hotel and the Underhill club.

Miss Matilda Foley visited friends in Lovells, Saturday and Sunday on her way home from Ypsilanti. Miss Foley states she has had both a pleasant and profitable summer trip.

Mrs. A. J. Pearshall of Johannesburg visited her husband and other relatives a number of days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lyntz enjoyed a short week from his brother, Ray, who was on his way to Flint, expecting employment. Mrs. Ray Lyntz will visit here for a while before joining her husband in Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Johnson and children were Gaylord callers last week. Mr. Johnson's mother from Vanderbilt and sister from Winnipeg, Ont., came home with them paying a short visit.

Mrs. W. E. Husted of West Branch is visiting relatives in Lovells.

T. E. Douglas was in Detroit last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eschman and young son of Detroit, are spending their summer vacation at the Eschman cottage.

T. Walking and party from Pinconning, who have been occupying the Underhill cottage, returned to their homes Monday.

Charles Eschman, Sr. received a sting on his right arm which has caused him considerable trouble. Dr. Insley is caring for it and states blood poison had started in her arm. It is much better at present.

Charles Lee cut his hand a few weeks ago in the mill and as it grew worse he went to Dr. Knapp of Gaylord, who is regularly caring for the wound. While at Gaylord Monday a message was received from Mr. Lee, who has been in Coral for a number of months, caring for her father, announcing her father's death. Mr. Lee left that night to attend the funeral.

A large crowd enjoyed the dance at the pavilion Saturday night. Music was furnished by Mr. Eschman and son of Detroit, and the dancing was certainly fine. Mr. Eschman is sure fine at the piano and his son a wonder with the violin. Everyone is anxious to know when we can have another one.

Ray Owens visited relatives in Grayling over Sunday.

They are as one for "Uncle Bert"—24 hours a day. Ask them.

Also remember he cleaned up the Glazier mess in the State Treasury.

He kept each dollar where it belonged.

He made the depository banks give bonds to secure our money.

He issued public statements so you and I could tell what money we had in Lansing.

The people of the "Thumb Country" are for Sleeper, not because he lives there, but because they know the man, his friendliness, his common sense, his integrity, his ability.

Vote for him Aug. 29.

You will be glad you did when you know him—[Besides he's a winner.]

Allen B. Failing

Republican Candidate for The Office of

Register of Deeds

Primaries August 29th

I will appreciate the support of the voters of Crawford County and wish to thank them for their support in the past.

Mr. A. M. Lewis is offering to sell Dr. Navaun's Kidney Tablets in cash for 25 cents. That after you have used them for the days for backache, rheumatism or nervousness, and you are not pleased with the results, return the balance of the package to Mr. Lewis and he will refund your money. A. M. Lewis, your druggist.

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For Sale—Work mare, 14 years old, black, good for anything else, except just dogs and cats. Leon J. Stebbins, Grayling, Mich. Box 474. \$100

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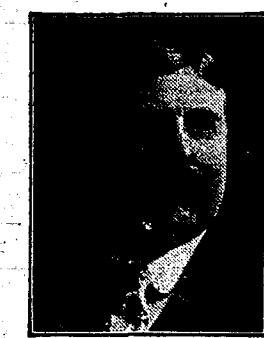
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Don't Neglect The Kidneys.

Do you take a kidney tablet once in a while, the same as you do a cathartic? If you don't, you should, because the kidneys are blood filterers and need cleaning themselves the same as your bowels. Dr. Navaun's Kidney Tablets are for this purpose and are for sale at Mr. Lewis' store. Samples will be sent on request by the Botanic Drug Co., Detroit, Mich.



ALBERT E. SLEEPER
 of Bad Axe
 For Governor

Albert E. Sleeper should get your vote at the primary.

Because He's a Michigan man grown from a New England boy.

He has western vision and strength to do big things; and

Yankee commonsense and thrift.

Where he's known he is the trusted friend and financial advisor of the community.

If you want to know about him ask the boys he's helped through school, the people

whose homes he's saved from foreclosure, the business men he's started—and those he's carried through financial troubles.

They are as one for "Uncle Bert"—24 hours a day. Ask them.

Also remember he cleaned up the Glazier mess in the State Treasury.

He kept each dollar where it belonged.

He made the depository banks give bonds to secure our money.

He issued public statements so you and I could tell what money we had in Lansing.

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Pleasing the People

That is our hobby

Our one great effort is to please you, to please each and every one of our customers, and by so doing to secure one of the most valuable of all advertisements—new customers through the good words they speak of us to their friends. This is a frank statement, possibly a little out of the ordinary, but it is a fact, and it is bringing us new patrons every day. It pays us and it pays our customers—AND BRINGS US NEW ONES.

Our Groceries

Are kept clean and fresh and we stand back of their quality; they are A-1.

Our Stock of Dry Goods

is complete and we want you to come in and see the many fine things we have on sale.

Our Shoe Department

Comfort, durability and good appearance are the prime features in our shoe department.

You will always be welcome at our Rest Room

Salling, Hanson Co.

The Pioneer Store

County Clerk's Office

Crawford County

The following is a list of Names of Candidates to be voted on in Crawford County, at the coming Primary Election, as certified to by the Secretary of State and as filed with the County Clerk of said County.

Dated August 6-1916.

John J. Niederer, County Clerk

William H. Hill	United States Senator	Republican
Charles E. Townsend	"	"
John T. Windship	"	Democrat
John Y. Johnson	"	Prohibition

Gerrit J. Dickema	Governor	Republican
Washington Gardner	"	"
Frank B. Leland	"	"
Albert E. Sleeper	"	"
Sybrant Wessellus	"	"
Chas. H. Bender	"	Democrat
E. W. Woodruff	"	Prohibition

Frank P. Bohn	Lieutenant Governor	Republican
Loren D. Dickinson	"	"
William D. Gordon	"	"
David E. Heineman	"	"
Robert Y. Ogg	"	"
John P. Kirk	"	Democrat
John F. Esley	"	Prohibition

Gilbert A. Currie	Congressman 10th Dist.	Republican
George A. Loud	"	"
Roy O. Woodruff	"	"

Miles M. Callaghan	State Senator 28th Dist.	Republican
Duncan McRae	"	"
John M. Perry	"	"
William H. Caple	"	Democrat

Melvin A. Bates	Representative Presque Isle Dist.	Republican
Nelson G. Farrier	"	"

Oscar Palmer	Judge of Probate	Republican
George Mahon	"	"
William H. Cody	Sheriff	"
John J. Niederer	County Clerk	"
Edward S. Houghton	County Treasurer	"
Allen B. Failing	Register of Deeds	Republican
Peter E. Johnson	"	"
Ernest P. Richardson	"	"
Glen Smith	Prosecuting Attorney	Democrat
George L. Alexander	Circuit Court Comm.	Republican
Stanley N. Insley	Coroner	"
James A. Leighton	"	"
Edward S. Houghton	County Surveyor	"

To Glen Smith, Pros. Atty.	Grayling, Mich.
----------------------------	-----------------

Dear Sir:

This is to certify that the Nat. Progressive Party, the Socialist Party nor the Socialist Labor Party have filed Petitions of Candidates with the Secretary of State, nor with the County Clerk, nor has there been a call filed by any of these Parties for the State Convention, nor the dates fixed for the County Conventions, nor any certificate of apportionment of Delegates been filed by any of them.

Question: Will the said Board of Election Commissioners, prepare and print BLANK BALLOTS for said Parties for the next Primary Election? Your official opinion is respectfully asked for.

The Board of Election Commissioners
 John J. Niederer, County Clerk

Mr. John J. Niederer, Clerk Crawford County,
 City.

In reply to your inquiry relative to blank ballots to be prepared by the Board of Election Commissioners, it is my opinion that no ballots should be prepared for any party not maintaining a definite organization. From the statements made in your letter it appears to me that the National Progressive Party, the Socialist Party or the Socialist Labor Party have not maintained a definite organization so as to entitle them to have ballots printed.

Yours very truly,
 Glen Smith, Pros. Atty.

I have been a resident of Crawford County 36 years, your vote will be appreciated.

Peter E. Johnson

Republican Candidate for The Office of

Register of Deeds

Primaries August 29th

I will appreciate the support of the voters of Crawford County and wish to thank them for their support in the past.

This is the package that holds the cigarettes



that do for smokers what no other cigarette has ever done for them before—they satisfy and yet they're MILD

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

ICE CREAM THAT IS DIFFERENT



the best fresh fruit flavors.

It has that different pleasing taste that you will remember—that will bring you back often. Come in today and try some REAL ICE CREAM.

A. M. LEWIS

Your Druggist

Phone 18

Local News

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, AUG. 17

Mrs. Frank Mack entertained her sister, Mrs. Ernest Moore of Gaylord last week.

You may be in doubt about the condition of your eyes. No need of this. Consult Hathaway.

Hathaway has a big line of cut glass and silver coming. Watch for it, something different.

Miss Edna Spore of Flint, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Al. Barber and family this week.

Hathaway is still selling lots of watches. A new lot just in. Stop in and see him about one.

Mrs. Herlet Sorenson is spending a month visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at Cadillac.

Miss Beulah Lehto of Leewards is spending several weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. Morris Gorman.

Miss Matilda Foley returned last Friday from summer school at Ypsilanti, and is at her home in Luzerne.

Mark Conklin of Lansing is spending a few days here, the guest of his brother, Bernard Conklin and family.



The price of coal will be going up from now on—how high it will be this winter is hard to say.

THIRTY FOLKS take advantage of the POWER SUMMER RATES by buying their winter coal supply NOW—they SAVE a great deal on their COAL BILL—why don't you?

You can get longest-burning, highest heat-producing coal, the kind that's thoroughly screened, RIGHT NOW for a great deal LESS than you will be forced to pay later on in the season.

Why delay? Be thrifty—order today and SAVE MONEY.

CITY COAL YARD

J. M. BUNTING, Prop'r.
Phone 713

Miss Lucile Campbell returned to her home in Newberry this morning.

Miss Helen Mitchell of Gaylord was a guest at the home of Mrs. Frank Mack last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar W. Hanson are enjoying a visit from the latter's father, W. E. Smith, of Marquette.

Mrs. W. E. Green and little son, Gordon, returned last week, after a month or more spent in Oscoda.

Special service checks will be given from Aug. 16 to Aug. 21, on Hammocks.

An 8 room house for sale, in first class condition. Also a range. Inquire of Charles Preston. Phone 974.

Francis Burgess of Lansing is a guest of his brother, Devere Burgess and family this week. He arrived last Monday.

Miss Arlene Vedder, of Detroit, arrived Monday for a visit at Virginia Place, as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson.

Miss Edna Brown returned last Monday to Saginaw to resume her work, after enjoying a two weeks vacation at her home.

Miss Anna Boeson returned last week from two weeks vacation spent in Lub. Marquette and Bay City, visiting relatives and friends.

Frank Green left Saturday night for Detroit to join his mother, Mrs. C. W. Green, who is visiting friends in that city. He expects to accompany her home the latter part of this week.

Mrs. John Sauve and daughter, Miss Agnes of Bay City, who spent last week visiting Mrs. Frank Mack and family, left Monday afternoon for Boyne City, for a week's visit with relatives.

Mrs. Charles Preston and two children returned last Friday from Clinton, after a couple of weeks visit with relatives and friends. Mr. Preston, who has also been visiting there will return home the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Louisa B. Niles of Ann Arbor, is at the Palmer house, and they hope for the winter. Her son, Arthur, who graduated from the U. of M. this year and is now attending the State surveying, is expected to arrive next week.

Both the Artillery and Signal and Engineering corps program parties given at Cotten's pavilion last Thursday and Friday evenings respectively, proved to be most enjoyable affairs, and were well attended. Prof. Amundsen's orchestra furnished the excellent music.

Dirk Naumiga, who has been assisting in the selling of Humber & Co. offices, left the latter part of last week for Chris Johnson's camp, where he has accepted a position, sealing for the company. Mr. Naumiga arrived here last Spring from Holland to learn the lumber industry.

Frank A. Schumann, Elmer Bigelow and Geo. Belmont, all of Flint, arrived in Grayling yesterday for a few days' trout fishing and recreation. They are all employees of the Buick Motor company and while here enjoyed a visit with the many Buick men connected with the militia, among them being Capt. Colliday and Lieut. Wright. Mr. Schumann is a brother of Mr. Edith. Mr. Belmont is an old familiar friend formerly of Beaver Creek.

You may be next! Why don't you buy some Fire Insurance?

GEO. L. ALEXANDER & SON.

Frank Dreese left last Saturday afternoon for the East to purchase fall goods for his store.

Miss Edna Rasmussen returned to Detroit yesterday, after a few weeks visit at her home here.

The wall for the new T. Hanson home on Peninsular avenue is finished ready for the carpenter gang.

Miss Laura Simpson returned last week from Ypsilanti, where she had been attending summer school.

H. Joseph left last week for Chicago, Cleveland and New York to purchase goods for the Grayling Mercantile Co.

Miss Fern Armstrong is enjoying a visit from her cousins, the Misses Dutcher, of Fairgrove, who arrived Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Elf Rasmussen, who has been visiting her parents here for the past couple of months, left yesterday for her home in Detroit.

One of the nicest pieces of house painting done this summer was at the N. P. Olson residence on Peninsular avenue, by Waldemar Jensen.

Boats for rent at Portage lake: park a half mile from Resort, on the M. & N. E. railroad. Fine train service from Grayling. Otto McIntyre. If

Theda Bara will again appear at the Opera house next Sunday night, this time as "Venus" in "The Serpent". It is a Russian play and is sure to be fine.

Mayor and Mrs. Hans Petersen received word yesterday of the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. William Pobjarsky of Detroit. Mrs. Pobjarsky was formerly Miss Olga Petersen.

The children and many of the older people of the Methodist church and Sunday school enjoyed the annual Sunday school picnic at McIntyre's landing at Portage lake yesterday.

Dan Squires, who will be well remembered here as engineer on the M. C. switch engine, has left the soldiers' home in Colorado, and will receive his mail at Centralia, Wash. He asks to be remembered by the "Old Boys."

Miss Lottie Sias of Midland is spending several days in the city, the guest of Miss Mollie Johnson, and while here is renewing acquaintances. Miss Sias will be remembered as for a few years she conducted a millinery store here.

Contractor George Lather, of Traverse city was in the city first of this week looking after the progress of the Dr. Keyport and "T. Hanson" new houses, now under construction by him, which are being superintended by his son Roy Lather.

Miss Louise Travigno of Mt. Pleasant is a guest at the M. Lewis home. She always seems happy to get "home" to Grayling, where she has many friends and where she taught for two years, the third and fourth South side grades.

The annual Grange picnic will be held Saturday, Aug. 19, at the farm home of Alton Pratt in Beaver Creek. It will be a fair picnic, and every one will be invited to come and enjoy the evening. A dance will be given in the evening. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. William Chalker and little daughter of Waters, have been spending the past week here visiting Mrs. Chalker's sister, Mrs. John Scott and family. Mr. Chalker had been manager of the Stephens company general store at Waters for several years, and now that all of the belongings of the Stephens Lumber Co., having been sold to Bay City firm, Mr. Chalker and family are moving to Detroit.

Mr. Oscar Palmer is in receipt of official notice that he has been selected aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief of the Michigan Grand Army of the Republic. Apparently the department is bound to have Dr. Palmer in the state department. At the annual meeting held at Bay City, June 20-21, 22, the doctor had been stated for the high office of Secretary of the organization, which high honor he courteously declined, feeling that his home duties should have preference over the honor that was being offered him.

Luther Herrick, Michigan Central freight and ticket agent here, has resigned his position and accepted a very responsible position with the Du Pont company. He will have charge of the trucking and accounting of all shipments that come into the Du Pont yards, keep tab on all raw material received in the yards and out-going shipments. Mr. Herrick has been in the employ of the Michigan Central for about 20 years, and 12 in Grayling. He has been a valuable and reliable man for his past employers and we predict that his success will be just as great with the Du Ponts. His friends here will be pleased to know that he is not going to leave Grayling. He is succeeded as freight agent by J. O. Vahr of Gladwin, who assumed his new duties this week.

It is reported that Alfred Olson, David Montour, C. M. Hewitt and L. M. Edwards had the misfortune of capsizing out of their boats into the Ausable river early Sunday morning, while taking a rowing party.

The party left Grayling at about 1:00 o'clock a. m. Sunday, in two boats, Olson and Montour in the first boat met disaster near the old railroad grade, below School Section lake outlet. The struck a sleeper and the boat tipped over precipitating the two men and their belongings into the water. It was still dark, so as soon as the second boat arrived a camp was established until the daylight, when search was made of the belongings. The water is deep at this place and little or nothing was recovered. The boat containing Edwards and Hewitt also met trouble near the Stephan resort, both men taking a cold plunge.

The boys say that they don't mind the ducking, but are sorry to lose their belongings. The loss is reported to amount in value to about \$100.00.

E. F. Hardy and Joe Fournier, painters in the employ of Waldemar Jensen, had a startling experience while fishing in Portage lake Friday of last week when the boat in which they were riding shipped water and sunk. The men had started from near the Colton landing in a boat they had borrowed from a friend, when a heavy wind came up necessitating the keeping of the boat with the waves.

The boat was considerably waterlogged and soon it shipped full and sank to the bottom in probable 50 to 60 feet of water. The men kept afloat until the boat rose to the surface, and by turning it upside down with air beneath they managed to keep it afloat. The old shell was a bad one and threatened to submerge at any moment. The men clung to the craft, one on each end, while for help and after being in the water for about two hours and a half, help arrived. Sam, Colton heard the call and put out in a row boat and landed the men. They were completely exhausted and state that they could not have held out much longer. It was a narrow escape and an occasion that they will never forget.

WANTED

Laborers: \$2.22 for eight-hour day

Carpenters: \$3.07 for eight-hour day

Apply:

DuPONT COMPANY

Grayling, Mich.

Miss Doris Lagrow entertained her cousin, Miss Florence Kiley of Standish over Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillette have been enjoying a two weeks' visit from Miss Sarah Gustaf of Bay City, the latter returning to her home Monday last.

Special for Friday and Saturday, this week, with a \$5.00 cash order I will give ten pounds of Navy White beans for \$1.00. Trudeau, successor to DeWaele & Son.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Miller passed away at 8:00 o'clock last Monday evening, after an illness of several weeks. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon from the home at 2:00 o'clock. Rev. Elliott officiating, and was attended by a large number of friends. Besides the parents, one little sister and a brother survive.

Geo. Sorenson reports that a horse entered his garden and ate all his carrots. This surely is not a suitable reward for having prepared and planted a garden, spent many hours in caring for it, keeping it watered and many other cares, and then finally just as the crop was nearly ready for gathering, to have the horse of some careless owner enter and in a few minutes destroy that what had required considerable efforts and expense to produce. And chickens are fully as destructive and there is no excuse for allowing them to be at large.

Gilbert A. Currie, of Midland, candidate for Congress, is in the city Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning and while here saw a lot of local voters. Currie is one of those kind fellows who goes right among the people and is one of their kind. Notwithstanding his big book of statistics, Currie is not one of those spindly fellows about him. Although he had not been in Grayling for many years he remembered people and their names with remarkable intelligence. When asked how things are looking for the primaries he says that he cannot see anything but victory. He claims that he will have a good many votes but believes he would win even without it. Currie was strong in Crawford county two years ago and we cannot but believe that he will be stronger this year.

In Crawford county besides the high qualities of Mr. Currie, is the part he played when speaker of the house in the state legislature of 1913, when he made it possible to pass the Grayling Military bill. This bill would have been helplessly defeated in the hands of the Senate and House committees had it not been for the quick-wittedness and fair mindedness of this gentleman and Grayling would never have had the Military reservation at Portage lake. Just think that this has meant to Crawford county. The reservation has brought many thousands of dollars to our people and this has been distributed among many people. Besides the advertising value to our community. And this will continue to be the case in the future. In the time of the first summer encampment few people in the state knew there was such a place as Grayling and still less persons knew where the town was located. Now we are known in every nook and corner of Michigan and far out into the nation. The finest and best Military reservation in the whole United States is now right here in our own county. We, as a people, can best show our gratitude toward Mr. Currie by backing him up by voting to send him to Congress. And, as a congressman, he will make good just as he did in the State Legislature, where he left a record equalled by few. As Speaker of the House, the Lansing Republican says, he was the best Michigan ever had. Vote for "Currie for Congress."

Good Household Goods for Sale.

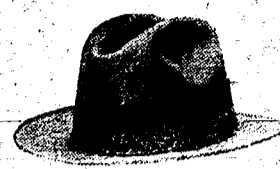
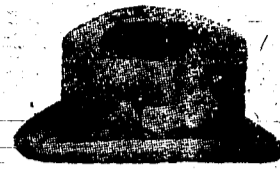
As we are about to move from Grayling, we offer for sale the following household goods:

\$35.00 Davenport—folding, \$15.00.
\$40.00 Book Case, \$15.00.
\$18.00 Davenport, \$8.00.
\$40.00 Dining Table, \$20.00.
\$20.00 Buffet, \$12.00.
Six \$3.00 Dining Chairs, \$15.00 each.
\$20.00 Library Table, \$15.00.

The above goods are all in first class condition. For particulars call at my house, Peninsular avenue near store.

Henry DeWaele.

ADVANCE SHOWING OF NEW FALL HATS FOR MEN



We now have our display The New Fall Styles and colors in Mens and young Mens Hats - see those with the wide floppy brims in Greens, Tans and dark Gray. The best selection we have ever shown.

\$1.00 to \$3.00

LADIES - You will be interested to see the large assortments of fancy Turkish Towels just rec'd., 25c to \$1.

Grayling Mercantile Co. THE QUALITY STORE



8 Big Features of the Way Sagless Spring

Make it the biggest value for the money ever offered in a bedspring.

1. Supreme sleeping comfort.
2. Perfect restfulness.
3. Absolutely sagless—guaranteed for 25 years.
4. Does not roll occupants toward the center.
5. Noiseless.
6. Sanitary—all metal.
7. Cannot tear bedclothes.
8. Stiff cable edges keep you from bumping on the sides of the bed.

30 Nights To Prove Them

We'll send a Way Sagless Spring to your home and let you sleep on it for 30 nights before you decide whether you'll keep it or not. If you can part with it after that trial, we'll buy it back at full price.

Sorenson Bros.

The Home of Dependable Furniture

Please Read the Following

and see if you can not find something that will suit your lunch basket. All these goods are made by the National Biscuit Company and are sold with a GUARANTEE

Adora Sugar Wafers	Lemon Snaps
Anola Chocolate Wafers	Marshmallow Dainties
Nabisco's, all flavors, 10c and 25c	Saltine Biscuit
Lorna Doone, Short Bread	Vanilla Wafers
Snaparoons	Uneda Biscuit
Homo Biscuit, made of whole wheat	Premium Soda Crackers
Baronet Biscuit	Saratoga Flakes
Chocolate Wafers	Graham Wafers
Zu Zu Ginger Snaps	Oatmeal Crackers
American Beauty	Cheese Sandwich
Ginger Snaps	Five O'clock Tea
Barium Cookie Animals	Oysterettes

We have received a large shipment of Lunch Baskets. All sizes and shapes. Give us a call.

H. PETERSEN



JUDGE of PROBATE

☒ OSCAR PALMER

AN ABLE ATTORNEY. ABSOLUTE INTEGRITY. LOYAL FRIEND TO ALL. Republican Candidate. Primaries Tues., Aug. 29.

Your vote will be duly appreciated.

Oscar Palmer

The Crawford Avalanche

Crawford County's Home Paper
Our advertisements bring results

If you want the best insist on

Lily White

"The Flour The Best Cooks Use."

It bakes delicious bread and pastries.

VALLEY CITY MILLING COMPANY,

Grand Rapids, Mich.



Gilbert A. Currie

Speaker of the House 1913-14

Candidate for the republican nomination for CONGRESS

GRANT SLOCUM SAYS

"From my own personal experience in connection with legislation in this state, I believe that Mr. Currie has done as much or more than any other man toward the enactment of the beneficial laws which have been passed during his service in the legislature, and I believe the interests of all the people of the Tenth district will be best served by his election."

THE MICHIGAN PATRON SAYS

"He represents no interests but those of the people. He has fought the worst kind of machine politics for years. His private life and public record are without a flaw."

THE GRANGE FORUM SAYS

"Currie is a member of the Grange and has stood unequivocally for all Grange and Progressive measures in the State Legislature."

CURRIE WILL WORK FOR EVERY HONEST AND LEGITIMATE INTEREST OF THE 10th DISTRICT IN CONGRESS

"CURRIE FOR CONGRESS"

The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

Buck Duane is learning fast what it means to be a hunted man. He is getting the outlaw's point of view, yet truly he isn't an outlaw. The big question that arises is this: How can Buck make a living? He is not a thief—he wouldn't steal horses and cattle or engage in the hold-up business. His brief partnership with an outlaw terminates abruptly. How he meets new dangers when surrounded by Bland's gang of desperadoes is told with thrilling emphasis in this installment.

SYNOPSIS.

Buck Duane, inheriting blood lust from his father, kills a man-madened "bad man" who is bent on killing Duane. To escape the law, Buck flees to the wild country infested by outlaws. He has just met one and is invited to form a partnership for better or worse.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Buck, as we're lookin' fer grub, an' not trouble, I reckon you'd better hang up out here," Stevens was saying, as he mounted. "You see, towns an' sheriffs an'angers are always lookin' fer you; folks come bad. They sort of forget me, but the old boys, except those as are plain bad. No, nobody in Merced will take notice of me. Reckon there's been a thousand men run into the river country to become outlaws since your time. You best wait here an' let me ride hard. Maybe my horse'll sign will go one rat in spite of my good intentions. In which case, though, be—"

His pause was significant. He seemed to be in a bad humor. "Stevens, have you got any money?" asked Duane. "Money?" exclaimed Luke blankly. "Say, I haven't owned a two-bit piece since—well, for some time."

"I'll furnish money for grub," returned Duane. "And for whisky, too, providing you hurry back here—without making trouble."

"Shore, you're a downright good pard," declared Stevens, in admiration, as he took the money. "I give my word, Buck, an' I'm here to say I never broke it yet. Lay low, an' look fer me back quick."

With that he snatched his horse and rode out of the mesquites toward the town. At that distance, about a quarter of a mile, Duane appeared to be a cluster of low adobe houses set in a grove of cottonwoods. Pastures of alfalfa were dotted by horses and cattle. Duane saw a sheep herder driving in a meager flock.

Presently Stevens rode out of sight into the town. Duane waited, hoping the outlaw would make good his word. Probably not a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Duane heard the clear reports of a Winchester rifle. The clatter of rapid fire, and yet—unmistakably the kind to mean danger for a man like Stevens—Duane mounted and rode to the edge of the mesquites.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road and a bay horse running fast. Stevens apparently had not been wounded by any of the shots, for he had a steady seat on his saddle, and his riding was of that quality, and he carried a large pack over his shoulder, and he kept looking back. The shots had ceased, but the yell increased. Duane saw several men running and waving their arms. Then he spurred his horse and got into a swift stride, so Stevens would not pass him. Presently the outlaw caught up with him. Stevens was grinning, but there was now no fun in the dancing eyes. It was a devil that danced in them—his face seemed a shade paler.

"Was just comin' out of the store," yelled Stevens. "Run! plumb into a rancher—who knowed me. He opened up with a rifle. Think they chase us."

They covered several miles before there were any signs of pursuit, and when horsemen did move into sight out of the cottonwoods—Duane and his companion steadily drew farther away. "No hosses in that bunch to worry us," called out Stevens.

Duane had the same conviction, and he did not look back again. He rode somewhat to the fore, and was constantly aware of the rapid thudding of hoofs behind, as Stevens kept close to him. At sunset they reached the willow brakes and the river. Duane's horse was winded and heaved with sweat and labor. It was not until the crossing had been accomplished that Duane halted to rest his animal. Stevens was riding up the low, sandy bank. He reined in the saddle. With an exclamation of surprise, Duane leaped off and ran to the outlaw's side.

Stevens was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood. "You're shot!" cried Duane.

"Wal, who said I wasn't? Would you mind givin me a lift—on this here pack?"

Duane lifted the heavy pack down and then helped Stevens to dismount. The outlaw had a bloody foam on his lips, and he was spitting blood.

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" cried Duane. "I never thought. You seemed all right."

"Wal, Luke Stevens may be as glib as an old woman, but sometimes he does say anything. It wouldn't have done no good."

Duane did not see how it had been possible, and he felt no hope for the outlaw. But he plugged the wounds and bound them tightly. "Feller's name was Brown," Stevens said. "Me an' him fell out over a hoss I stole from him over in Huntsville. We had a shootin' scrape then. Wal, as I was standin' my hoss back there in Merced I seen this Brown, an' seen him before he seen me. Could have killed him, too. But I wasn't breakin' my word to you. I kind of hoped he wouldn't spot me. But he did—just shot he got me here. What do you think of this hole?"

"It's pretty bad," replied Duane, and he could not look the cheerful outlaw in the eyes. "I reckon it is. Wal, I've had some bad wounds I lived over. Guess maybe I can stand this one. Now, Buck, get me some place in the brakes, leave me some grub an' water at my hand, an' then you clear out."

"Leave you here alone?" asked Duane sharply.

"Shore. You see I can't keep up with you. Brown an' his friends will follow us across the river a ways. You've got to think of number one in this game."

"What would you do in my case?" asked Duane curiously.

"Wal, I reckon I'd clear out an' save my hide," replied Stevens.

Duane felt inclined to doubt the outlaw's assertion. For his own part, he decided his conduct without further speech. First he watered the horses, filled canteens and water bags, and then he took the pack upon his own horse. That done, he lifted Stevens upon his horse, and, holding him in the saddle, turned into the brakes, being careful to pick out hard or grassy ground that left little signs of tracks. Just about dark he ran across a trail that Stevens said was a good one to take into the wild country.

"Reckon you'd better keep right on in the dark till I drop," continued Stevens, with a laugh.

All that night Duane, gloomy and thoughtful, attentive to the wounded outlaw, walked the trail and never halted. Duane caught the fugitives at a green camping site on the bank of a rocky little stream. Stevens fell a dead weight into Duane's arms, and one look at the haggard face showed Duane that the outlaw had taken his last ride. He knew it, too. Yet that cheerfulness prevailed.

"Buck, will you take off my boots?" he asked, with a faint smile on his pallid face.

Duane removed them, wondering if the outlaw had the thought that he did not want to die with his boots on. Stevens seemed to read his mind.

"Buck, my old daddy used to say that I was born to be hanged. But I wasn't—an' dyin' with your boots on is the next worst way to croak."

"You've a chance to get over this," said Duane.

"Shore. But I want to be correct about the boots—an' say, pard, if I do go over, just you remember that I was appreciatively your kindness."

This matter of the outlaw's boots was strange, Duane thought. He made Stevens as comfortable as possible, then attended to his own needs. And the outlaw took up the thread of his conversation where he had left off the night before.

"This trail splits up a ways from here, an' every branch of it leads to a hole where you'll find men—a few, maybe, like yourself—some like me—an' gangs of no-good hoss thieves rustlers an' such. It's easy livin'. Buck, I reckon, though, that you'll not find it so."

Stevens would have been safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come.

The trail proved to be the kind that could not be descended slowly. He appeared on change wearing the wooden shoes and the stakes were handed over to him.

Perchance the limit was reached in a certain town in Canada, where a man propelled a green pea with a toothpick for about eighty yards along the pavement within half an hour of the stipulated time and won his wager.

In the "good old days" extraordinary wagers were more common than they are today. In 1670, for instance, London answers says, Lord Digby staked 450 that he would walk five miles round Newmarket Heath in a certain time, barefooted and unshod, and had the misfortune of losing by the narrow margin of half a minute, the king and all the court being witnesses of the performance.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century a Liverpool scientist bet a brother scientist that he would read a newspaper by the light of a farthing dip at a distance of 30 feet. The wager was cheerfully accepted. The first scientist merely counted the inside of a shallow wooden box so as to form pieces of looking glass, so as to form a concave lens, placed it behind the farthing dip, and easily read the small print at the distance named. The winning of the wager was witnessed by a Liverpool dockmaster, who ultimately applied the lens to lighthouse requirements and evolved the modern reflected light.

About two years ago, during a yachting trip of members of the Jersey docks and harbor board, A. W. Willmer, a leading Liverpool cotton broker, was presented with a pair of wooden shoes for his birthday, and another member of the board offered to contribute a sum of money to two charities if Mr. Willmer would go to the cotton exchange wearing them. He lived along the river for twelve years. There's three big gangs of out-

laws, King Fisher—you know him, I reckon, fer he's half the time livin' among respectable folks. King is a good feller. It'll do to tie up with him an' his gang. Now, there's Chesedine, who hangs out in the Rim Rock way up the river. He's an outlaw, chief, I never seen him, though. I stayed once right in his camp. Late years he's got rich, an' keeps back pretty well hid. But Bland—I knowed Bland for years. An' I haven't any use fer him. Bland has the biggest gang. You ain't likely to miss strikin' his place sometime or other. He's got a regular town, I might say. Shore there's some rumblin' an' gun-fightin' goin' on in Bland's camp all the time. Bland has killed some twenty men, an' there's not countin' greasers."

Here Stevens took another drink, and then rested for a while.

"You ain't likely to get on with Bland," he resumed presently. "You're too strappin' big an' good-looking to please the chief. Fer he's got women in his camp. Then he'd be jealous of your possibilities with a gun. Shore I reckon he'd be careful, though. Bland's no fool, an' he loves his hide. I reckon any of the other gangs would be better for you when you ain't got it alone."

Apparently that exhausted the fund of information and advice Stevens had been eager to impart. He lapsed into silence, and lay with closed eyes, the breeze wafted the mesquites; the birds came down to splash in the shallow stream; Duane dozed in a comfortable seat. By and by something roused him. Stevens was once more talking, but with a changed tone.

"Feller's name was Brown," he rambled. "We fell out—over a hoss I stole from him—in Huntsville. He stole it fast. Brown's one of them sneaks—afraid of the open—he sneaks an' pretends to be honest. Say, Buck, maybe you'll meet Brown some day—You an' me are pardners now."

"I'll remember, if I ever meet him," said Duane.

That seemed to satisfy the outlaw. Presently he tried to lift his head, but did not, the strength. A strange shade was creeping across the browed, rough face.

"My feet are pretty heavy. Shore you got my boots off?"

Duane held them up, but was not certain that Stevens could see them. The outlaw closed his eyes again and muttered incoherently. Then he fell back. Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he remained silent. Something leaped inside of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him, often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Bain. Only now it was different, and more powerful.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly. "My name's Duane," replied Duane, curtly.

"An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence, during which the men looked at him. Duane began to twist the ends of his beard.

"Reckon he's dead, all right, or no-body'd be his hoss an' guns," presently said Euche.

"Mister Duane," began Bosomer, in low, scolding tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side partner."

Duane looked him over, from dusty, worn-out boots to his starchy shirt-brooch. That look seemed to inflame Bosomer.

"I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "An' say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"Cin' it? How, how?" rejoined the outlaw. "I ain't takin' your word! Say, then? An' I was Luke's pard!"

With that Bosomer wheeled, and, pushing his companions aside, he stamped into the saloon, where his voice broke out in a roar.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exceedingly rough trail and found himself on top of the Rim Rock, with a beautiful green valley at his feet, the yellowish-grey granite shining in the sun, and the great, wild mountains beyond of Mexico stretching to the south.

No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come.

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laws, King Fisher—you know him, I reckon, fer he's half the time livin' among respectable folks. King is a good feller. It'll do to tie up with him an' his gang. Now, there's Chesedine, who hangs out in the Rim Rock way up the river. He's an outlaw, chief, I never seen him, though. I stayed once right in his camp. Late years he's got rich, an' keeps back pretty well hid. But Bland—I knowed Bland for years. An' I haven't any use fer him. Bland has the biggest gang. You ain't likely to miss strikin' his place sometime or other. He's got a regular town, I might say. Shore there's some rumblin' an' gun-fightin' goin' on in Bland's camp all the time. Bland has killed some twenty men, an' there's not countin' greasers."

Here Stevens took another drink, and then rested for a while.

The valley was much larger than it had appeared from the high elevation. Well watered, green with grass and trees, and farmed evidently by good hands, it gave Duane a considerable surprise. Horses and cattle were everywhere. Every clump of cottonwoods surrounded a small adobe house. Duane saw Mexicans working in the fields and horsemen going to and fro. Presently he passed a house bigger than the others, with a porch attached.

A woman young and pretty, he thought, watched him from a door. No one else appeared to notice him.

Presently the trail widened into a road, and that into a kind of square lined by a number of adobe and log buildings of rude structure. Within sight were horses, dogs, a couple of steers, Mexican women with children, and white men, all of whom appeared to be doing nothing. His advent created no interest until he rode up to the white men, who were loitering in the shade of a house. This place evidently was a store and saloon, and from the inside came a lazy hum of voices.

As Duane reined to a halt one of the loungers in the shade rose with a loud exclamation:

"Bust me if that ain't Luke's hoss!" The others regarded their interest, if not assent, by rising to advance toward Duane.

"How about it, Euche? Ain't that Luke's bay?" queried the first man.

"Plain as your nose," replied the fellow called Euche.

"There ain't no doubt about that, then," laughed another, "for Bosomer's hoss is shore plain on the landscape."

These men lined up before Duane, and as he coldly regarded them, he thought they could have been recognized anywhere as desperadoes. The man called Bosomer, who had stepped forward, had a forbidding face, which showed yellow eyes, an enormous nose, and a skin the color of dust, with a tinge of sandy hair.

"Stranger, who are you an' where in the h—d did you get that bay hoss?" he demanded. His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their glinting, hard light upward to Duane.

Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he remained silent. Something leaped inside of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him, often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Bain. Only now it was different, and more powerful.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly. "My name's Duane," replied Duane, curtly.

"An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence, during which the men looked at him. Duane began to twist the ends of his beard.

"Reckon he's dead, all right, or no-body'd be his hoss an' guns," presently said Euche.

"Mister Duane," began Bosomer, in low, scolding tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side partner."

Duane looked him over, from dusty, worn-out boots to his starchy shirt-brooch. That look seemed to inflame Bosomer.

"I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "An' say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"Cin' it? How, how?" rejoined the outlaw. "I ain't takin' your word! Say, then? An' I was Luke's pard!"

With that Bosomer wheeled, and, pushing his companions aside, he stamped into the saloon, where his voice broke out in a roar.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exceedingly rough trail and found himself on top of the Rim Rock, with a beautiful green valley at his feet, the yellowish-grey granite shining in the sun, and the great, wild mountains beyond of Mexico stretching to the south.

No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come.

The trail proved to be the kind that could not be descended slowly. He appeared on change wearing the wooden shoes and the stakes were handed over to him.

Perchance the limit was reached in a certain town in Canada, where a man propelled a green pea with a toothpick for about eighty yards along the pavement within half an hour of the stipulated time and won his wager.

In the "good old days" extraordinary wagers were more common than they are today. In 1670, for instance, London answers says, Lord Digby staked 450 that he would walk five miles round Newmarket Heath in a certain time, barefooted and unshod, and had the misfortune of losing by the narrow margin of half a minute, the king and all the court being witnesses of the performance.

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CHAPTER IV.

Duane dismounted and threw his bridle.

"Stranger, Bosomer is shore hot-headed," said the man Euche. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were the others hostile.

At this juncture several more outlaws crowded out of the door, and the one in the lead was a tall man of stalwart physique. His manner claimed him a leader. He had a long face, a flaming red beard, and clear, cold blue eyes that fixed in close scrutiny upon Duane. He was not a Texan, in truth, Duane did not recognize one of these outlaws as native to his state.

"I'm Bland," said the tall man, authoritatively. "Where're you, and where're you doing here?"

Duane looked at Bland as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not courteous. Duane told his story again, this time a little more in detail.

"I believe you," replied Bland at once. "Think I know when a fellow is lying."

"I reckon you're on the right trail," said Bland. "That about Luke wantin' his boots took off—that satisfies me. Luke had a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on."

At this sally the chief and his men laughed.

"You said Duane—Buck Duane?" queried Bland. "Are you a son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter, some years back?"

"Yes," replied Duane.

"Never met him, and glad I didn't," said Bland, with a grim humor. "You got in trouble and had to go on the dodge? What kind of trouble?"

"Had a fight."

"Euche! Do you mean gun-play?" questioned Bland. He seemed eager to cause speculation.

"Yes. It ended in gun-play. I'm sorry to say," answered Duane.

"Guess I needn't ask the son of Duane if he killed his man," went on Bland, impatiently. "Wal, I'm sorry you backed against trouble in my camp. Fergin' it is, I guess you'd be wise to make yourself scarce."

"Do you mean I'm politely told to move on?" asked Duane, quietly.

"S'f' exactly that," said Bland, as if irritated. "If this isn't a free place there isn't one on earth. Every man is equal here. Do you want to join my band?"

"No, I don't."

"Wal, even if you did, I imagine that wouldn't stop Bosomer. He's an ugly fellow. Merely for your own sake, I advise you to hit the trail."

"Thanks. But if that's all, I'll stay, returned Duane. Even as he spoke he felt that he did not know himself.

Bosomer appeared at the door, pushing men who tried to detain him, and as he jumped clear of a last reaching hand, he uttered a snarl like an angry dog. Bland and the other outlaws quickly moved aside, letting Duane stand alone. When Bosomer saw Duane standing motionless and watching, a strange change passed quickly over his face.

Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning of it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front. The outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrinking, or at least a frightened antagonist. Duane knew he was neither. He felt like iron, and yet thrilled after thirty feet through him. The outlaw had come out to kill him. And now, though somewhat checked by the stand of a stranger, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word. He remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand in a claw.

That instant gave Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire. Two shots only—both from Duane's gun—and the outlaw fell with his right arm shattered. Bosomer cursed harshly, and floundered in the dust trying to reach the gun with his left hand. His comrades, however, seeing that Duane would not kill unless forced, closed in upon Bosomer and prevented any further madness on his part.

Of the outlaws present, Euche appeared to be the one most inclined to tend friendliness to curiosity, and he led Duane and the horses away to a small adobe shed. He tied the horses in an open shed and removed their saddles. Then, gathering up Stevens' weapons, he invited his visitor to enter the house.

It had two rooms—windows without coverings—bare floors. One room contained blankets, weapons, saddles and rifles; the other a stone fireplace, rude table and bench, two bunks, a box cupboard, and various blackened utensils.

"Make yourself at home as long as you want to stay," said Euche. "I ain't rich in this world's goods, but I own what's here, an' you're welcome."

"Thanks. I'll stay awhile and rest. I'm pretty well played out," replied Duane.

Euche gave him a keen glance. "Go ahead an' rest. I'll take your horses to graze."

Euche left Duane alone in the house. Duane relaxed then, and mechanically he wiped the sweat from his face. He was laboring under some kind of a spell or shock which did not pass off quickly. When it had worn away he took off his coat and belt and made himself comfortable on the blankets. And he had a thought that, if he rested deep sleep, what difference would it make on the morrow? No rest, no sleep could change the gray outlook of the future. He felt glad when Euche came bustling in, and for the first time he took notice of the outlaw.

It seems to me it is the same with love and happiness as with sorrow—the more we know of it, the better we can feel what other people's lives are or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to them and wishful to help them.—Ellot

Daily Thought.

Euche was old in years. What little hair he had was gray, his face clean shaven and full of wrinkles; his eyes were half shut from long gazing through the sun and dust. He stooped. But his thin face denoted strength and endurance still unimpaired.

"Hev a drink or a smoke?" he asked. Duane shook his head. He had not been unfamiliar with whisky, and he had used tobacco moderately since he was sixteen. But now, strangely, he felt a disgust at the idea of stimulants. He did not understand clearly what he felt. There was that vague idea of something wild in his blood, something that made him fear himself.

Euche wagged his old head sympathetically. "Reckon you feel a little sick. When it comes to shootin', I fergin' what's your age?"

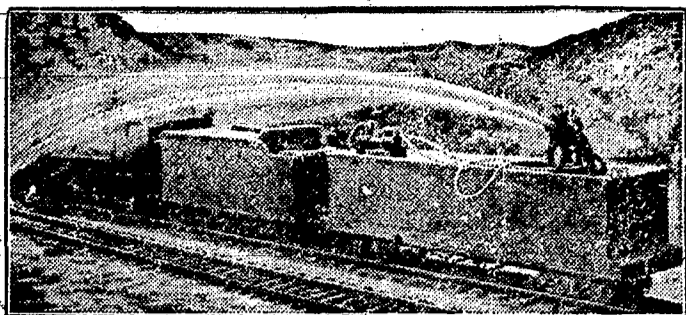
"I'm twenty-three," replied Duane. Euche showed surprise. "You're only a boy! I thought you thirty any ways. Buck, I heard what you told Bland an' puttin' that with my own fergin'! I reckon you're no criminal yet. Throwin' a gun in self-defense—that ain't no crime!"

Duane, finding relief in talking, told more about himself.

"Huh," replied the old man. "I've seen hundreds of boys come in on the dodge. Most of them, though, was no good. An' that kind don't last long. This river country has been an' is the refuge for criminals from all over the states. I've bunked with bank cashiers, forgers, bank thieves, an' out-and-out murderers, all of which had no business on the Texas border. Police like Bland are exceptions. He's no Texas—you see that. The gang he rules here come from all over, an' they're tough cusses, you can bet on that. They live fat an' easy. If it

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DESIGNED TO FIGHT FIRE OVER SNOW TRAILS

"RAILROAD" WORK CALLED A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING.

Claim That It Has Solved a Problem of the Northwest Lumber Camps Seems to Be Well Founded—How It Operates.

One of the problems of the lumber camp in the great flat Northwest is that of hauling. In fact it is about the greatest problem. It is one thing to chop down and saw into lengths a centimeter of the primeval forest. It is another to transport the lumber to the railroad line.

As the camps move from year to year, it is not profitable to build and keep clear of snowdrifts a private line, merely for one season's product, and then do the same thing all over again the next year.

So, until recent years the system has been to load the cut lumber on great sledges, drawn by horses or teams of oxen.

The oxen are very picturesque, but they are slow and their capacity is limited, too, and their first cost, together with that of food and wages of the requisite number of men to handle them, was no small part of the expense of a camp which was carrying on a large operation.

Hence the American engineer got busy once more, and, deciding that the building of a private railroad line was too expensive a proposition for a single season's operations, he decided to run the trains just the same, dispensing with the tracks and he did.

He built a locomotive which would run over the hard-packed snow of the logging roads, hauling, not a single sledge, but a train of them, and capable of moving 200,000 feet of logs every 24 hours, whereas the same amount of money invested in horses would move only 60,000 feet, or one-fourth as much.

Enter the cross-country locomotive. Exit the horse and the oxen team.

The cross-country logging locomotive looks very much like the common garden variety of switching engine, with the exception that the front trucks are replaced by sledges, and that around the two driving wheels on each side have been wrapped traction belts with concentric treads. The locomotive walks rather than runs, and the ridges in the treads, pressed down by the weight of the engine, obtain perfect traction, even on the hardest ice.

With 200 pounds of steam pressure they develop about 100-horse power, and have a speed of five miles an hour. While it will work over very rough country, it is most economically operated of course, over easy grades.

In one other respect it differs from the ordinary locomotive. It takes two men to operate it, but one of them is kept busy standing. He sits over the front trucks, swinging the locomotive in the desired direction by means of a long-handled wheel, very much like that of an automobile truck. The engineer, thus relieved of that responsibility, puts all his attention on the handling of his engine and doubling up on the fireman's job.

Naturally, with a few passages of the sledge trains, grooves become worn over the route, and these, well-iced, serve just as well as rails, so that the trains slip easily along, and do not have to plow a fresh path each trip.

With roads well graded and iced the locomotive will handle from 7 to 15 heavy logging sleds with 5,000 or 7,000 feet of logs on each, making as high as 50 miles a day, and doing the work of from 12 to 18 four-horse teams. As only two men comprise the crew, it is easy to be seen that there is a substantial saving in wages.

Furthermore, the logging locomotive is tireless. It is only necessary to provide a shift of crews and run the trains at night as well as in the day-time to increase the locomotive's capacity to that of 24 or 30 four-horse teams on the 24-hour basis.

Clam Shells for Fertilizer. A firm situated in a small town in New Brunswick, Canada, is grinding refuse clam shells and mixing them with other materials for use as commercial fertilizers. In the past many towns on shores where the clam industry abounds have utilized these shells, if at all, for improving city roads. At one point on the Maine shore it is reported that about 50,000 bushels of clam shells are left following the winter clam-canning season. The cost of utilizing the product prior to grinding at the factory is the expense of transportation by vessel.

Waste Not, Want Not. The baby kept throwing her rattle on the floor until four-year-old Bobby grew weary with picking it up and refused to do so any longer. "But, dear, she is the only little sister you have," gently remonstrated his mother. "Well," replied the little boy, "I am the only big brother she has, and she will have a hard time if she wears me all out."

Optimistic Thought. Good advice may be given, but not a good name.

African Slave Trade Was Once Openly Tolerated by the British Government.

Slavery existed in nearly all of the English colonies from an early period until shortly before or soon after the Revolutionary war, and the African slave trade was openly tolerated by the British government. In 1786 there were 292,000 African slaves in the colonies, scattered from New England to Georgia. It was not prohibited in Massachusetts until 1780, nor in Vermont until 1777. The United States census of 1810 showed 470 slaves in Connecticut, 10,551 in New Jersey, 15,017 in New York, 795 in Pennsylvania, and 108 in Rhode Island. Slavery was gradually abolished in the northern states, but in 1830 there were still 97 slaves in Connecticut, 7,557 in New Jersey, 10,088 in New York, 211 in Pennsylvania, and 48 in Rhode Island. The census of 1850 showed the disappearance of slavery in all the northern states except New Jersey, which still had a surviving remnant of 230.

Cost of Electric Headlights. Charles C. Paulding, solicitor for the New York Central railroad, told the members of the interstate commerce commission that it would cost the railroads of the country \$6,000,000 to equip their locomotives with electric headlights. He admitted that powerful headlights might be advisable on small railroads, "but on large roads, where there is density of traffic, multiple tracks and many signals," he said, "they would be otherwise than safety devices."

He said the large railroads were developing their signal systems, and that their efficiency would be minimized if not destroyed by the use of blinding headlights.

W. S. Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, advocated the change, citing cases in which, he said, accidents could have been prevented with more powerful headlights. The 1,000,000 candle power headlights disclosed every object on the track for a sufficient distance to give the engineer warning in time to reduce the speed of his train if not to stop it, he said.

He stated that the consensus among engineers is that powerful headlights do not blind them nor do they interfere with seeing signals when properly placed.

First and Last. Less than \$100 was paid for the first locomotive in China. It weighed 22 hundredweight. The rails were about the size of walking sticks and 30 inches apart. One day, after the seven-mile line had been operating only a few months, a trespasser was run over and killed by the little engine. The rails were promptly torn up and shipped to Formosa to rust, thus ending the fate of the first railroad in China.

That was only 42 years ago. Now China has more than 6,000 miles of railroad, with a net revenue of more than \$2,000,000 a year. And C. C. Wang, of the government railroad bureau, stands sponsor for this prophecy: "It is no exaggeration to say that there will be more railroads built in China during the coming 25 years than in all the rest of the world combined."

Eliminates Human Danger. In Bern, Switzerland, powerful electric magnets are used in switching and coupling cars, thereby eliminating the hand coupling which costs many lives annually. The state railroad has installed a powerful storage battery, which furnishes the power for operating the switches and also for energizing the magnets. A magnet is placed at each of the four corners of a locomotive. These magnets are in cylinder form with ends flaring outward. After an engine has drawn up a car it may be coupled by feeding current to the magnets. Throwing out a switch uncouples the car. Each magnet is capable of a pull of 3,740 pounds.

Relating to Brakes. The United States Supreme court has ruled that the federal safety appliance regulations relating to brakes apply to electric as well as steam railroads operating in interstate commerce.

The court affirmed a judgment of \$7,500 in favor of Edgar E. Campbell, motorman, who was injured in a collision between Spokane, Wash., and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, in which 18 persons were killed.

Ingenious Swiss Idea. To lessen the smoke and gas in tunnels Swiss railroads are equipping their locomotive stacks with lids to be closed when a tunnel is entered, steam being exhausted beneath the engines.

Doing the Impossible. Was it or was it not the White Queen in "Alice of Wonderland" who advised people to do a couple of impossible things every morning before breakfast? It was good practice. People who have followed this advice have usually found it excellent. The number of impossible things they habitually accomplish is amazing. The more they get into the habit of doing impossible things the more does the realization dawn upon them that the "impossibility" exists chiefly in the mixture of imagination and sloth.

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NINE SOLDIERS CAPTURE 113 HOW MOUNTAINS ARE FORMED

Frenchmen Trick the Defenders of a German Field Fort on the Somme.

One of the most striking episodes of the great Somme offensive was the recent taking of the field fort at Blanchet and its garrison of 113 men by nine French soldiers.

All attempts to storm the position had been checked by murderous machine-gun fire until a French officer discovered a vulnerable point. Selecting a second lieutenant, two sergeants, a corporal and four men, he led them on hands and knees through the long grass to the spot where he knew there was a breach in the defenses. Then three of the French officers abruptly leaped into the work, shouting in stentorian tones: "Forward with the bayonet!" and throwing bombs which exploded in the dugout.

The Germans, believing a large force was with the Frenchmen, had no time to get their weapons and surrendered. But now the three French captors began to feel nervous, as they saw no reason why the Germans should not fall upon them and exterminate them. They were saved by the six comrades, who came rushing in just at this moment. Again fooled, the entire German garrison was marched to the French rear, escorted by the nine "polius," who had not lost a man.

Just a Trifle. Here is a ridiculous little gift which may come in handy for slipping into an envelope with a cheery letter for a youngster, an invalid friend or some one who just naturally appreciates a good laugh. It is a small book marked with a half-inch colored, satin ribbon and on each end is attached a small doll of wool. It may be black wool or white wool, and it is tied in a neat style with colored cotton for eyes, nose and mouth. The whole "doll" is not an inch long. Try one of these bookmarkers with a bit of ribbon and some left-over embroidery silk or cotton.

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The heavy crops in Western Canada have caused new records to be made in the handling of grains by railroads. For, while the movement of these heavy shipments has been wonderfully rapid, the resources of the different roads, despite enlarged equipment and increased facilities, have been strained as never before, and previous records have thus been broken in all directions.

The largest Canadian wheat shipments through New York ever known are reported for the period up to October 15th, upwards of four and a quarter million bushels being exported in less than six weeks, and this was but the overflow of shipments to Montreal, through which point shipments were much larger than to New York.

Yields as high as 60 bushels of wheat per acre are reported from all parts of the country, while yields of 45 bushels per acre are common.

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Slavery existed in nearly all of the English colonies from an early period until shortly before or soon after the Revolutionary war, and the African slave trade was openly tolerated by the British government. In 1786 there were 292,000 African slaves in the colonies, scattered from New England to Georgia. It was not prohibited in Massachusetts until 1780, nor in Vermont until 1777. The United States census of 1810 showed 470 slaves in Connecticut, 10,551 in New Jersey, 15,017 in New York, 795 in Pennsylvania, and 108 in Rhode Island. Slavery was gradually abolished in the northern states, but in 1830 there were still 97 slaves in Connecticut, 7,557 in New Jersey, 10,088 in New York, 211 in Pennsylvania, and 48 in Rhode Island. The census of 1850 showed the disappearance of slavery in all the northern states except New Jersey, which still had a surviving remnant of 230.

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Children Cry For

Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SLAVERY IN EARLY DAYS

African Slave Trade Was Once Openly Tolerated by the British Government.

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The Stoker in Battle.

In the modern battleship, as is well known, the stoker, like the orchestra of an ancient Roman galley, has his work all below deck. The sunlight rays above him, and he can rarely if ever see a battle. One of the stories connected with the battle of Jutland in 1916, the stoker's story, is a change was given two of these during the fight to come from below. They were on the Warship, which was being rammed, the other was telling a domestic story to the other as they went up to the deck. At the hottest moment of the fight their grimy heads appeared at the top of the funnel, which splashed with shell were crashing. Above the hellish din the impressive voice of the stoker's story was heard, as calm as though at a "pub" over a mug of ale, saying: "I always thought I'd get to be married 'er."

Remedies for "Chiggers." If a bath in hot water, or in water containing salt or strong soap, is taken within a few hours after exposure in shrubbery and woods infested with "chiggers," or "red bugs," no ill effects will be experienced. After a long exposure, however, a bath has practically no effect, and direct remedies are necessary.

After irritation has set in, and small red spots appear, the application of a moderately strong solution of manganese to the affected parts is recommended by the department of agriculture's entomologists. A supersaturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, or common cooking soda, dissolved in water, will also be effective. Liberal applications should be made until the irritation subsides. If the suffering is severe, consult a doctor. The use of iodine or collodion should be lightly applied.

Went Pretty Far Back. There is not a large collection of anecdotes about Charles

COL. LOUD OUR LOYAL FRIEND

ENTERPRISE EDITOR'S PERSONAL OPINION OF THE PRESENT CONGRESSIONAL SITUATION.

Congressman Loud and His Work for the Commoner, for the Widows and For the Soldier.

The Colonel in His Lumberjack Days and His Great Kindness to Employees.

No Man, No Matter How Poor, Ever Approached Col. Loud in Vain.

The editor of the Enterprise asks its readers to consider this article seriously, and to realize that it is personal opinion of the editor.

Again, we ask our readers to look back over the history of the Enterprise and if possible find a place where this newspaper has ever played false



Geo. A. Loud

with them. This being true, it is only fair to expect that the editor will at least be credited with being honest in his convictions.

Col. Geo. A. Loud is running in the primaries for congressman for this district. And this splendid representative of the district's interests expects his record will speak for itself. His is a record that this district is proud of. He is the only congressman ever elected from this district that in reality has proved a public servant. There is no man in the United States Congressman Loud, at any time, and no matter how poor in this world's goods. He will not let a single penny of the money of the district be used for the same warmth as he greets the man of wealth. He listens to all and if the conference be of an official nature, he goes back to Washington and at once gets busy.

This fine hearted congressman never forgets the soldier's widow, and the pension he has given her, and who apparently has no possible show, have been numerous. Ask the soldier's widow, or the pensioner, or the old soldier, or the farmer, or the man in doing so, he might easily speak of no adverse words, unless you expect the fighting spirit of a dash of fire from his eyes.

Ask the old-time lumberjack about George Loud. He'll tell you he was like a brother when they were hurt in the woods or were down at the heels, how George Loud wasn't above swinging the ax and chopping with them. He familiarly called him the first to be at the side of the injured or crushed woodsman with first aid, and ready to get the surgeon to reduce fractures, and at the expense of the company.

O. Col. Loud is a man all there—a

man above petty things—he loves his fellowman.

Au Gres would be the loser if we lose the Colonel in congress, for he has an eye on this locality, and has his interests at heart as much as he has the interests at heart of the more pretentious Bay City and other larger places in the district.

Reader, think it over—consider everything—the worthiness and ability of this great big-hearted Colonel Loud. Let us give him a support at the primaries that will prove to him that the Au Gres district appreciates his ability and his untiring efforts in behalf of this locality and his constant, loyal work in behalf of his constituents generally.

And finally, readers of the Enterprise are asked to remember this is no paid political article. It is an editorial direct from the heart of the editor's sincere expression of the belief of the editor of the Enterprise in Congressman Loud.—Au Gres-Enterprise advertisement.



John M. Perry
Republican Candidate for
State Senator
28th District.

Solicits your support in the Primary August 29th, 1916.

To the Republican readers of the Avalanche. In presenting myself as a candidate for your support for state senator, I feel it is not only your privilege but your duty to investigate my past record, and this connection with a certain matter and its results in my life in all its relationships, private, business and official. From reports reaching me it appears that I have been mistaken for some other person as to certain matters and I take this means of publishing a denial of the following:

I have never been Postmaster of Reed City. I was never arrested, for either thing some \$2500 of the post-office funds, tried, found guilty and served a prison sentence for the crime. I was never a "sauce-merchant" as has been charged. I have never told you how good and kind, and really quit owing my creditors several thousands he has been in the habit of. I have never told you how good and kind, and really quit owing my creditors several thousands he has been in the habit of. I have never told you how good and kind, and really quit owing my creditors several thousands he has been in the habit of.

is known is very good evidence that nothing of the kind exists.

I have not made practically a failure of my own business. If I had, it would be presumptuous for me to ask the public to intrust their affairs to me, but on the contrary have attained a fair measure of success, starting as a boy without a dollar, earned my own way thru school, worked and saved enough to buy a small stock of drugs in 1889, now own several farms, several pieces of village property, principal owner and cashier of the Bank of Tustin since it started in 1901, large stockholder and Vice-President of the Beardsley Timber Co., owning over 7,000 acres of timber land in the U. P., half owner of the Tustin Warehouse Co., owning four large warehouses and complete stock of building material and large dealers lumber and farm products, besides original stockholder in a number of Fire and Life Insurance companies.

Again I ask that you do me the kindness of investigating my past and present life, and that you do not accept as true any statements made intended to injure me in your estimation, without ascertaining whether they are true.

Mr. E. H. Shike, a merchant in Grayling, has known me many years, and I am quite sure would not object to answering any reasonable enquiries concerning me.

J. M. Perry.

Political ad.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally, and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists, 25 cents.

"Currie for Congress"

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

Time Card

In effect June 1st 1916

Read Down.

A. M. P. M.

4:00 10:25 Grayling at 4:50 10:35

5:25 11:35 Reed City at 6:10 11:40

6:40 12:45 Grayling at 7:25 12:50

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9:15 3:05 Grayling at 9:55 3:10

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11:45 5:25 Grayling at 12:25 5:30

1:40 6:35 Reed City at 7:15 6:40

2:55 7:45 Grayling at 8:25 7:50

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Wayne County is Solid For Frank B. Leland

What a leading rural publication thinks of Mr. Leland's view on the State Tax Commission.

Frank B. Leland.

Candidate for Republican Nomination for Governor Opposed to Present Methods of State Tax Commission.

Frank B. Leland, candidate for the republican nomination for governor, struck a note that met with a warm response in the hearts of all taxpayers when in his recent address at Ewart, Mich., he pointed out the unfairness of sending strangers into a community to assess the valuation of property.

The idea that a stranger, unacquainted with local conditions, can come into a community for a few days and fix valuations better than the officials who are residents of the community is utterly absurd and the working out of the plan is the dissatisfaction that has arisen in every township and county has proven this.

In five years the commission has cost the state \$700,000," said Mr. Leland. "The work could have been done far better for \$100,000. Instead of putting 100 men at work in localities with which they are not familiar to attempt the assessment of each piece of property, the commission could do better work if it assessed 50 or 100 pieces of property in each county, and then by comparison with figures of local assessors determined the valuation."

Michigan-republicans will do well to consider the qualifications of the Wayne county candidate, and to compare them with those of other aspirants for the nomination. It would be a mistake to choose him merely because Detroit may feel that the city is entitled to consideration. But if his record and his abilities, his broad-mindedness and his freedom from factionalism appeal to the party, it should not let minor considerations influence it.

Condemning the present method of tax commission, Mr. Leland was a record and his abilities, his broad-mindedness and his freedom from factionalism appeal to the party, it should not let minor considerations influence it.

Vote for Frank B. Leland August 29 The Republican who United the Party in Wayne County

THE OFFICE, THE PARTY, AND THE MAN



ERNEST P. RICHARDSON

Republican Candidate for the office of

Register of Deeds

Primaries Augst 29th

I will appreciate the support of the voters of Crawford County.

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Grayling, in said county, on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1916.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Ritchie, deceased.

Oscar Palmer having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, that the 30th day of August, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

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HAS MANY FRIENDS IN GRAYLING

Sure of Receiving Large Vote Here at Primary Election



M. M. CALLAHAN

Republican

Candidate for

SENATOR

28th District

Primaries Tuesday, August 29th, 1916.

An Unusual Offer.

Mr. A. M. Lewis is instructed to sell Dr. Xavanna's Kidney Tablets under this guarantee: "That after you have used them for ten days for backache, rheumatism or nervousness, and you are not pleased with the results, return the balance of the package to Mr. Lewis and he will refund your fifty cents."

A. M. Lewis, your druggist.

Use the Avalanche want column for results.

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